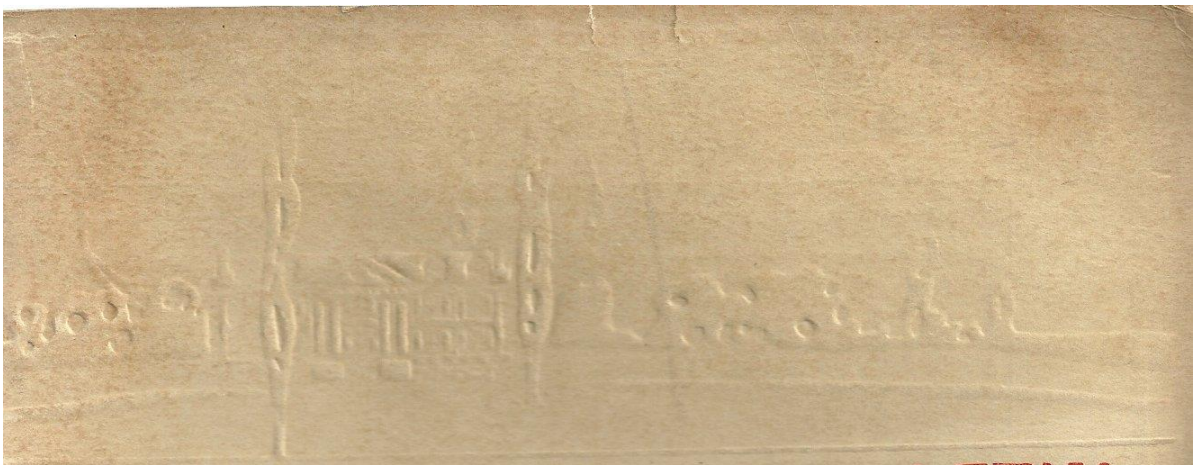

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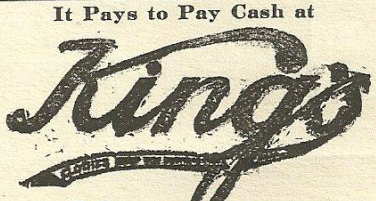

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White Tip

A low moan was heard far off in the hazy blue distance of Lost Mountain. It slowly increased in volume until it was a piercing scream, full of all the savage hunger and loneliness of the wilds. White Tip raised his head and sniffed the air warily. It was his old enemy, the cougar, who had so suddenly broken the silence of the night. White Tip looked out over the valley whence the sound has come. He could see nothing, but he knew that Broken Ear, the cougar, was stalking some lesser animal who was not able to fight so formidable a foe. The hairs on White Tip's neck and shoulders slowly rose until they were wiry bristles, standing straight and stiff.

White Tip was an enormous half dog and half wolf. He was gray in color and the moon glistened and sparkled from his soft mat of gray hair. His only marking was a pure white spot on the tip of his left ear. His father had been a big beautiful collie, while his mother was a gaunt gray timber wolf. When he was but three months old he had run away from his home in a small cave, and had almost starved to death. He had joined the wolf pack a few days after leaving his home and had been fed enough to sustain life in him until he was old and experienced enough to take care of himself. For a while he had lived on small animals that he could easily catch and kill. Grad-

ually as he grew larger and his strength increased, courage had come to him and he had fought and killed larger animals, until now, at the age of two years, he was the Lord of Lost Mountain.

Although he had seen Broken Ear many times, they had never fought, for Broken Ear had always kept to the lower branches of the trees, growling and snarling at him and doing everything he could to make White Tip hate him. They both knew that some day they would meet, and when they did, it would be the worst and the most ferocious battle ever fought on or around Lost Mountain.

White Tip raised himself, stretched and slunk off into the shadows. He had gone but a few hundred yards when his delicate nostrils caught a strange scent, a scent that he had never before experienced. It was the man scent. He approached cautiously until he heard the twigs snapping under the feet of this strange being, who was now visible in the moonlight. It was a girl of about nineteen years, straight of stature, her beautiful hair falling over her shoulders in long curls. She was coming straight toward him.

White Tip crouched in the shadow of a large pine and waited. The girl came within three feet of him, and White Tip, although he knew that he was out of sight, could stand it no longer. He leaped from his concealment and bounded across the small moonlit glade and vanished into the shadows beyond. The girl, seeing a huge grey wolf leap from her very feet, screamed in horror, and the scream was still ringing in White Tip's ears as he bounded over the ridge that hid from his sight this strange animal that was so new to him.

The next day White Tip went to the place where he had met the girl and concealed himself in some bushes to await her coming. All that day he waited, but she did not come. He went back the next day, and the next, and the next, but she did not appear. Then one day as he was stalking a deer he came upon her face to face. He had been so interested in the deer that he did not see her until they were not more

than fifteen feet apart. He growled a low, menacing growl, and crouched, every muscle alert. The girl drew a small automatic and leveled it at him. Suddenly the gun was lowered and the girl's face became flushed with pleasure.

"Why, it is a dog!" she cried.

She started making soft, crooning little noises deep down in her throat that made little thrills of pleasure run through his big frame. His wolf blood bade him run away, while the blood of his collie father told him to crawl up and lick the girl's feet. She reached down to touch him, but fear leaped suddenly into his heart and he was gone like a flash.

He saw her the next day and she crooned to him again. This time he crawled to her and licked her feet and lay whimpering while she reached down and patted his head gently. She scratched him behind his ears, and this made tingling little sensations of joy run up and down his spine. All that day he walked beside her, and when she lay down in the shade of some bush or tree he lay down as close to her as he could.

For weeks he met her every day and they roamed together through the forest and romped in the sunny glades. Then one day, while they were romping and playing, she threw a stick down a small hill and he went bounding off after it. When he had found it he took it into his mouth and ran back up the hill, throwing it into the air and catching it as he ran. When he was about half way up the hill he stopped suddenly and the hair on his neck and shoulders bristled stiffly. At that moment the girl screamed and her automatic barked several times.

White Tip flew up the hill as if on wings. When he reached the top he made a tremendous leap and met Broken Ear in mid-air. His terrible fangs snapped together on Broken Ear's throat and laid wide a deep gash from which blood spurted freely. The impact of White Tip's huge body threw Broken Ear aside and he missed his spring upon the girl. He flew at White Tip with a deafening roar of rage,

but White Tip leaped aside. He pretended to leap into a tree, and White Tip threw all caution to the winds and leaped at him. Broken Ear whirled and struck White Tip a terrific blow that knocked him six feet, and his terrible, curved, knife-like claws ripped White Tip's side to ribbons. It must have crushed his chest, for he came slowly to his feet, gathered all of his remaining strength and leaped. His fangs found Broken Ear's jugular and Broken Ear, after pawing the air feebly several times, lay still.

White Tip crawled slowly to the girl's feet, let out a tired little sigh and slept, never to wake again. He had died as he had wanted, protecting his mistress. The deer and elk had nothing to fear now from the Lord of Lost Mountain. White Tip had found his match.

OTIS B. RADEBAUGH, '24.

The Traitor

Bob Clark was standing in front of "Nancy's Hot Lunches" waiting for the bus which was due in a few minutes. Beside him was Nancy, the proprietress of the restaurant, who no doubt was also going to make the trip to Bull's Gap. They had been waiting some time before it finally arrived. Nancy and Bob got on and by the hardest squeeze finally managed to get a seat, as the bus was crowded this particular day. Next to Bob sat a gambler who was carrying bank money amounting to three thousand dollars to deposit it. There also was a traveling man next to Nancy who it seems was in much hurry to reach the next town for some reason or another. There were many others besides. After riding in silence for a good distance the crowd gradually began to enter into conversation.

"Believe me," exclaimed the traveling man, "if I hadn't been in a hurry I sure would have waited for a train, because there was a big robbery on the N. Y. bus this morning."

"Yes," chimed in the gambler, "and the bandit got away with over ten thousand. Some haul!"

"Say," said Nancy, "suppose we should meet the same robber? You know that stunt happened once before and the robber got away with it."

"Aw, there's no danger this time; that man is probably a hundred miles from us now," said another fellow.

"Just the same, I am going to use discretion and keep what little I have," returned Nancy, and she turned and put her money in a crack behind the seat. The others, seeing this, one by one followed her example, when they thought no one was looking, as none of the men wanted to be called "yellow;" still each one put his money in some crack or other because the story of this recent robbery was fresh in their minds and they did not relish the idea much.

All during the performance Bob Clark had not said one word, and when they began hiding their valuables he was seen to frown a little, but still no one thought anything of it.

After the performance of hiding money, etc. was over, the conversation lagged on about different things until the road began to make sharp turns through a thick forest. Suddenly the bus stopped with a jerk. A gruff voice called out, "Hands up, and haul out quick." Each one filed out singly until they stood in a semi-circle facing a half-masked man about six feet tall and weighing around two hundred pounds. He spoke in a deep voice and each one of the busriders felt a cold chill up and down his back when he stood there facing a big Colt's automatic. In turn he took his sack and got off each one only the pocket change which he had not hidden. Then he came to Bob. "Come, haul out," he spoke to him. Then unexpectedly something happened.

Bob Clark stood there like a stone pillar. For a moment his eyes set and his teeth clenched. Finally he spoke out clearly and distinctly:

"Stranger, I have one thousand on my person, and when I tell you my story I dont' think you are going to

touch this money. Why? Because you're human like everybody else."

"I am on my way to Bull's Gap to give my mother, who is sick in the hospital, this money. When I was down and out she skimped and almost starved to get me on my feet, and now that I have saved this money she wrote me asking for it to pay her doctor's bill. When I got on this bus this morning I felt like I knew nothing could take this money from me until I delivered it to her, and stranger, I still feel that way."

A sort of a choke came from the bandit and it was plain that this story had made an impression upon him. He shook his head and straightened up, then he said, "Partner, I have taken already from the rest about ten dollars, and I know there is more money than that in the crowd, so unless I am shown more I will take your money." He made a step toward Bob.

"Wait," Bob called out, "I will make a fair proposition. If you let me off with this money I will tell you where the rest have hidden their money."

"All right," agreed the robber.

The crowd looked as if they were thunderstruck when Bob said what he did. To think, a dirty traitor among them! Each one was almost raving mad when he got his money and gave it to the bandit. When he collected all the robber disappeared, and suddenly Bob flashed his gun on them as he feared violence, since he had outlawed himself by his actions.

The rest of the journey was made in silence until a stop was called at Johnson's farm, just outside of Bull's Gap. Then Bob got out and spoke to them, but keeping them at the same time covered with his gun.

"I know you people will think me a dirty, yellow traitor, but I tell you I am not. I am sorry that I was forced to those means to-day, but if every one of you will meet me at Brell's Hotel at five o'clock to-morrow I will see that you lose nothing."

When he finished the driver drove on and he stood in the middle of the road until the bus was out of sight.

The next day at five, Nancy walked into Brell's Hotel to find that every one of the persons in the bus was there, even to the driver.

At five, Bob Clark appeared at the door and immediately walked over to the counter, took his wallet out and laid it on the counter. By this time everybody crowded around him.

"Friends, if I may call you that, I do not wonder that you call me a traitor after yesterday's actions. Now to get down to the facts; that story about my mother was true, and one reason that I am feeling so cheerful is because I have seen her smile today for the first time in at least two months because of that money. But on the other hand, when that bandit came over to me I didn't know whether to use my guns or my brain, so I used my brain and came out successfully. When he got your money that you had hid he got about nine thousand, while I got by with one hundred and eighty thousand that I was carrying to the bank for Cole's Mining, Inc. When I explained it to our president this morning he readily agreed to pay you, and so I am here now to settle."

He took out his bills and paid each one what they said he owed.

KENNEDY JONES, '25.

Little Things

Harvey West was a dreamer; he always had been. Dreams had become his master. He was in his last year at grammar school. He was looking forward to big things. Often he would go home and look through his larger brother's books. He did not see how his brother could raise such a fuss because he had to study these books. He pored over his brother's geometry, chemistry and history books. He certainly was going to study hard when he got to prep school.

"I will be glad when I can go to prep and can study books like these instead of wasting my time on foolish little old arithmetics and readers as I have to do now," he said to himself.

Young West was studious. His greatest pleasure was to spend hours wandering through books. But the tragic part of this was that they never did him any good. In the first place he read books that were far too advanced for him, then he read these at the expense of his school work. He never really understood what he was reading; he only got material for his dreams.

West was not a brilliant student. He learned readily but he seemed to underestimate his work. He always got by, but never with honors. The serious way in which some of his schoolmates took their work disgusted him. He did not see how anyone could take these trivial studies so seriously.

In September, West entered prep school. He at once became attached to mathematics and science. History and languages bored him—he did not see the use of them. That year he made excellent grades in the sciences and fair grades in his other studies, but during his sophomore year he fell back into his old habits. He envied the upper class men. He spent most of his time in the library reading scientific books that he did not understand. He got by his second year and dragged through his junior year.

He spent most of his senior year reading catalogs of technical schools, selecting a course to study the next fall. His present work seemed insignificant.

One night when he had laid his physics book aside with disgust he picked up a business paper belonging to his father and began looking through it. Suddenly he stopped; the lines before him seemed to stare him in the face. With a sheepish look on his face he put the magazine aside and picked up his physics.

Harvey West is president of a large manufacturing concern in the East. He is still a dreamer, but he is also a

doer now. He has never forgotten the words that stared him in the face that night. They were, "He who will not do what he can where he is, will not do much in the place where he wants to be." ROBERT JAKES, '24.

Desolation

It was one of those oppressively hot days. My feet burned from walking on that hot road, and I felt lost in the lonesomeness of my deserted surroundings. Then I noticed an old house a short distance from the road, and as I was thirsty I went toward it in the hope of finding water.

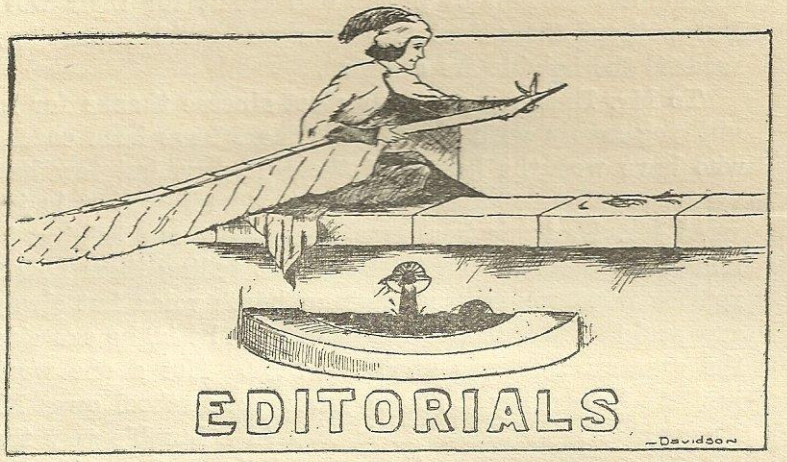
There was a small fence around the place and the gate was wired up. I put one foot on the fence and was climbing over when the rotten fence broke and let me fall in the tall weeds which had taken possession of the place. I scrambled hastily to my feet and looked around to see if anyone had seen me fall; but of course I saw no one, so I felt better. Then I saw a well which aroused my hopes, but on approaching the well I soon discovered it was dried up. I was disappointed in finding no water and started to go on away. Then I decided to explore the place.

The house was a dilapidated old frame building and it had not been painted for so long that it was impsosible to tell what color it had been. I stepped carefully upon the porch and peered intently into the small dark room. Then as everything seemed all right I entered. A big rat ran across the floor and I jumped back with surprise, or probably fear. Then laughing at my own fear I proceeded on my way. The old fireplace was crumbled down in ruins, the ceiling was full of large holes, the floor had rotted, the whole inside was dilapidated. Presently I observed a little trap door in the floor. I opened it and found it was the entrance to a small cellar. I was curious to know what was in this little cellar, still I was afraid to descend into

that dark pit. After much hesitation I mustered up courage and let myself down slowly.

I struck some matches and began exploring. All I could find was an old box and a few broken bottles. From the bottles I judge it must have been a wine cellar. Then I saw a knife sticking in the wall and a cold shiver ran down my back. Then I began to uncover the box. The lid seemed stuck, but when I gave a sudden pull it came loose, and to my horror I saw a skeleton. I dropped the lid and scrambeld out of the cellar as fast as I could. Then I ran out of the house into the hot sun, butI did not notice the heat then. After I reached the road I gave a sigh of relief. I paused a few minutes and looked at the desolate scene. That gloomy scene made me shiver, and I hastened on my way, trying to forget it.

CHRISTY MCEWEN, '25.



THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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IN APPRECIATION

One of the most successful basketball seasons we have ever experienced has just closed. It was successful far beyond the fondest hopes held at the beginning of the season. We knew we had a great coach and the very best of men for him to work with, yet we dared not hope for a State championship, and why? Simply because we had never won it. We had been trying for years, sometimes missing it by ever so little, and it just did not seem quite possible. To Coach Emerson and Captain Eaton too much praise cannot be given. In fact, the whole team deserves

the highest amount of praise and credit for their work. But without those first two men we could never have reached the heights we attained.

To Mr. Emerson goes our most sincere thanks for his untiring labors with the team. There have been coaches who have won the hearts of their players, but few have ever won those of the entire student body. That is just what Mr. Emerson has done. Always there helping his team win, pointing out their defects, telling them how to remedy them, never in a rough or harsh voice, but always cool and thoughtful, like the gentleman he is, he exercised the greatest influence upon the boys. Not a one would hesitate in obeying his least wish. The school owes Mr. Emerson a great debt. It is only in a humble way that we can express our greatest appreciation and gratification at his great work.

Then next comes Howard Eaton. As a captain he ranks as Mr. Emerson does as a coach. That is, at the highest peak. Never did he cease to fight or give up hope when it seemed as though we were about to lose. Always he kept encouraging his men and putting that old fighting spirit in them that won more than one game for us. Had he stopped undoubtedly the whole team would have done likewise. They looked to him as their leader on the floor. It is with deepest regret that we lose Howard this year. We will never forget him. We only wish that in years to come he will continue to lead men to put forth their best, as he has done here with us.

M. B. A. has always maintained as high a standing in athletics as in school work. The school has for a few years past been playing a great many more games than any other school in the State. Only last year M. B. A. had a football schedule of thirteen games in one season, a number very seldom equalled by any large school. M. B. A. should limit its schedules and play only the larger and better schools of Middle Tennessee, eliminating the small high

schools. When games are played with these latter, M. B. A. has all to lose and nothing to gain. For if we win, what have we? If we lose, what have we? A blot on our athletic record.

We have two tennis courts that rank among the very best in the city. We have spent a great deal of money in improving those courts this spring, and all that has to be done now is organize a team. Several of the schools of the city have signified their intention of organizing a team, and this has been talked about here, but so far no definite action has been taken. If a team should be organized, it is needless to say we will have plenty of opponents to compete against.

There are a number of boys in school who shrink from coming out for the greater sports as football, baseball, basketball, simply because they feel that they would have no chance to make the team, since they have no liking for it, or probably since they have not the time necessary to put in it. Many of these same boys, on the other hand, are excellent tennis players. They have played tennis because they have not had the time to play any of the other games. They would come out for a tennis team and it is only proper that they should. Hence, why not form a team? Give these boys a chance to compete for the school. With all the other tennis players who also play at other games, we could organize one of the best teams in the city or State. Schools in other cities have them. Why can't we? Then if things go along as they should, perhaps we can have a tournament. We have the courts and we have the players. Now let's have the team.

The literary societies in the school are to be commended on the excellent programs they have been turning out lately. Never has so much interest been manifested by them. The spirit of friendly rivalry between the two major societies has helped wonderfully in promoting good programs, as each tries to outdo the other. It is to be hoped that the

interest will continue. The contests at Vanderbilt, Sewanee, Castle Heights and several other places are almost here, and we want to make a better showing than ever before. Keep up our present interest and spirit and it is practically certain that we will. Let's finish on as high a plane as that on which we began.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Boys, what do you think our advertisers put ads in our Bulletin for? For accommodation? If you do you are very much mistaken. They are not in business for their health, and advertising is business.

They help us and our school paper by putting ads in and paying for them. What would you think of a man who put a big ad in our paper and then refused to pay for it? I know what you would think. Your good opinion of him would be gone.

You didn't sign a written contract that you would patronize these men, but a moral obligation was created when you accepted the ad. They paid their good money for the ads and they expect something in return. We are not patronizing our advertisers as we should. Take the Maxwell House Shoe Repairing Company proposition, for example. Bradford made this proposition with them. It was unusual. You know what it is and how much it helped us, but you are not keeping your part of the bargain. I venture to say there have not been thirty boys out of the whole school to go there to have their shoes repaired.

Let us stand by our advertisers.

FRANK LOWERY, '25.

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THE PATH TO THE SCHOOLHOUSE

If the old path to the school could talk,
And tell of the boys who on it did walk,
The story would be both good and bad
Of the many acquaintances it has had.

Some who have climbed the ladder of fame,
Others who failed to uphold the name,
Some who have been forgotten by all
The path on the hillside would recall.

Many have climbed it, both young and old—
Much of this time has been changed into gold;
But those that climbed it uncertain and slow,
Are now at a loss as to which way to go.

But those that have climbed it without delay,
Not playing or loitering along the way,
Will be rewarded many times o'er
For not being late at the schoolhouse door.

Ewing Bradford, '25.

IN THE WOOD

There is a place in the deep green wood,
Which I delight to see.
I wander there where trees have stood
Since things began to be.
Each mighty oak and beech is green,
And birds are singing there,
Squirrels of grey and red are seen
To climb their forest stair.
And underneath are violets,
Above, the sun shines bright,
In the valley flows a brook,
It is a glorious sight.
In the soul of every man
Such a sight as this
Inspires, like a wizard's wand,
Love, contentment, bliss.

Carver Lackey, '24.

PEOPLE WILL TALK

You may go through the world but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go.
You may ride in the country or walk in the town,
There are sure to be some who are noting you down.
They'll notice your features, your dress or your shoes,
And go to their homes and just scatter the news,
For people will talk.
If your coat has a patch, or old fashioned your hat,
Some one is sure to take notice of that.
He will drop some loud hints and say for a while
That your dress is indecent or quite out of style.
Just mind your own business and go straight ahead,
Whatever is done or whatever is said,
For people will talk.
If you dress in the fashion don't think to escape,
They'll criticise then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid.
So just keep going forward whatever is said,
For there's nothing gained by hearing such news
Of your coat or your hat, or your dress or your shoes,
For people will talk.
The best way to do is to do as you please,
And your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease.
Let the rest of them do just as they see fit.
Keep your tongue tight. Don't mind it a bit.
Of course you will meet with all kinds of abuse.
Don't think you can stop it; there's not any use,
For people will talk.

Dean W. Bradford, '24.

A SKETCH

Fading in the purple distance
Rugged ridges slowly rising,
Verdant slopes bestrewn with shadows
Of the clouds so slowly floating
Through the balmy air of summer.

Valleys broad with grasses waving,
Hidden nooks with shady coolness,
Carpeted with many flowers,
Where perhaps the sunshine filters
Through the leaves on sparkling brooklets.

Fields with grain already standing,
Blooming gardens round the houses,
Meadows filled with happy cattle.
Everything serene and peaceful—
Nature has no lovelier moment.

John A. Ball, '24.

A DREAM OF LIFE

Down the river floats a skiff
Whose lightness bears thy form,
And onward with the current moves
Past mountains high whose distant tops
O'ermantled with the snow,
Adorned in mist—and blue,
Seem towering from thy dream.
By cataracts whose raging storm
Sounds loudly to thy listening ears—disproves.

Thy sense of silence, as her prow
Thy craft bends gently with the stream.
And yet, again, deep gorges passing through,
Into a lake serene,
Enchanted with such glory that she stops
Spell-bound, in the haven that she loves.

Dorris Davidson, '25.

We Are Showing the Season's Latest Styles and Shapes In
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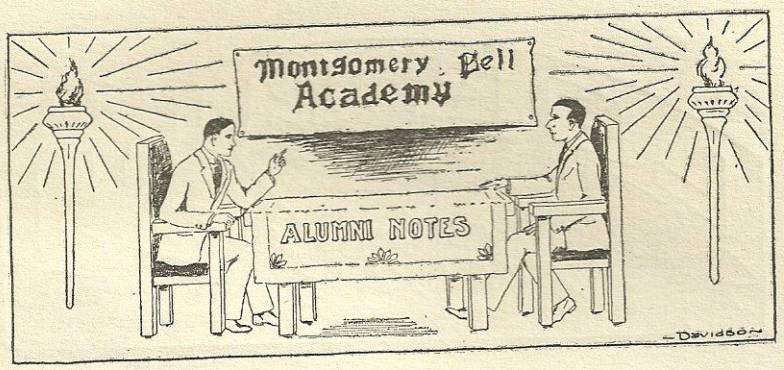


Julian M. Blair, '07, is teaching at the State University at Boulder, Colo.

Tom Sims, '16, for some years chief paragrapher of the N. E. A. Service, has temporary headquarters now in Nashville. He is perhaps the best known alumnus of the younger generation.

Tom Little, '18, also employed by the N. E. A., has his headquarters in New York and makes his daily appearance in the Evening Tennessean as a strip artist.

Ralph Morrissey, '23, has been made a member of a literary fraternity at Washington and Lee, requirements for which are a higher grade than ninety.

Charles Russell, '22; Edgar Jones, '22, and Ed Glennon, '22, have made the Owl Club at Vanderbilt.

Charles Russell, '22, has made the varsity baseball team at Vanderbilt. Never have we seen a cleaner athlete, never have we seen a harder worker, never has there been one more deserving of his letter. Not a star, but a steady player who can always be relied on to do his best.

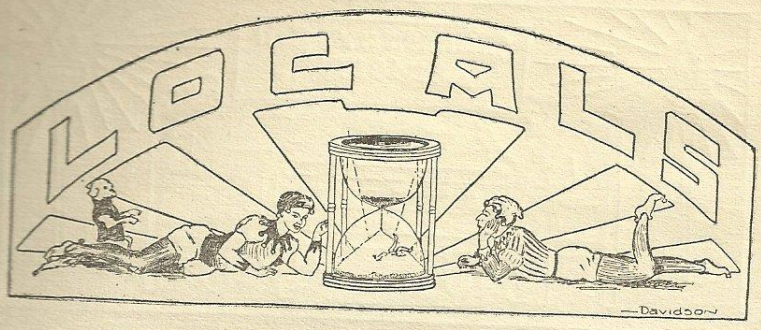
Paul Harvill, Jr., '12, is in the hardware business in Los Angeles, Cal.

Henry Bivins, '21, is now making his home in Louisville, Ky., where he is connected with the Coton Seed Products Co.

Edgar Jones, '22, has made the track team at Vanderbilt.

James "Pete" Baird, '20, is again on the Sewanee track team.

George A. Sloan, '09, has his headquarters in New York City, where he is in the employ of the United Copper Interests of America, devising new uses for copper and getting these before the public.



Keene went to Gallatin
To play a game of ball;
Along came a pretty blonde
And he couldnt play at all.

Chili asked him with a smile,
"What's the matter with you?"
"Oh, nothing, nothing, nothing—
But I think it's my Waterloo."

Then Keene said, "Look, Chili, there,"
And Chili turned his glance,
And saw there the pretty blonde
Who had put Keene in a trance.

"Strike three!" called the umpire,
And Keene, not very mild,
Said, "Say, use your head, my boy,
You're getting awful wild."
William Needham.

* * *

The fans have requested that the outfielders be furnished with skates or bicycles the next time Young pitches.

* * *

We are glad to see that the daily showers from the upper floors have ceased. Thanks to Mr. Cherry we are now able to venture out in safety.

* * *

There has been some discussion as to which class in the dog show "Bow Wow" is to enter. He is undecided, but states that it will either be an Irish setter or a cheese hound.

Our friend Peterllac Bedford admits that the old family chariot "ain't what she used to be."

* * *

Of course it is not our intention to butt in on someone else's business, but we do wish that Phillips and Skipwith would settle their old quarrel about those two girls. It looks as if they might compromise by taking one each, instead of each holding out for them both.

* * *

We were very sorry to learn that "Cot" Murray has quit school. We wish him the best of success in his undertakings. "Cot" was a very popular student and his absence will be felt by all.

* * *

There is a geek at M. B. A.
Who thinks that baseball he can play;
He fools around in the games, they say,
And drops all the flies that come his way.

* * *

Skating rinks are all the rage again as in days of old.

* * *

Only one month before school is out.

* * *

Mary had a little flask,
She held it very tightly;
She drained it every single day
And got it refilled nightly.

Spring fever seems to hold sway over everything this time of the year.

* * *

And now for the tennis courts so that we can get started with our games. Come out, we need you.

* * *

The baseball team doesn't seem to be getting many holidays. They played a game every day during the Easter vacation.

* * *

Women, women,
They're awful things.
They take all your money,
Then give you the strings.
And just when you think
You're standing high,
They have what they want,
So they tell you goodbye.
They may be nice
And call you "hon,"
But take my advice
And kiss 'em and run.
And they may be all right
You never can tell;
But as for me,
They are—Oh, well!

Of course it's by E. B. Y., '24.

* * *

Desiring to enter the National Oratorical Contest, Montgomery Bell held its preliminary contest at the school. The judges were Mr. Baskette, Mr. John Early and the Rev. Dr. Dandridge. The contestants were William Kennedy Jones, David Bowman, Wyatt Jacobs and John Aubrey Ball. Kennedy Jones and John Ball were selected to represent the school, with Wyatt Jacobs as alternate.

Charlie Vaughan (on his return from the hospital, where he had been to see the victims of the automobile wreck): "I saw them taking Jimmy Riddle to X-ray him, as there was a suspicion that his head was cracked, but the film showed that there was nothing in it."

* * *

The school dance, on the night of March 21, was one of the most satisfactory entertainments ever given at M. B. A. The decorations in school colors were attractive. Both students and guests seemed to enjoy themselves.

* * *

The Contest in District No. 3 in the National oratorical competition was held at Central High School, our two representatives, Kennedy Jones and John Ball, speaking third and twelfth, respectively. The judges declared a tie between John Ball and one of the young lady contestants from Central High, but the lady attached the spoils.

Well, but——!!! (Curtain.)

* * *

"Hick" Sawyer sits up all night when the washwoman has his pajamas.

* * *

We were glad to see Young elected captain of the baseball team.

* * *

We hoped to have as successful a season in basketball as we had in football. Well, we had the best in the State.

* * *

City champions in football, State champions in basketball. Can we do as well in baseball?

"A Flavor You Can't Forget"

NuGrape

A FLAVOR YOU CAN'T FORGET

IN THE "DOUBLE-BALL" BOTTLE

"Sheik" Reed's vamping days at M. B. A. are over. He finished basketball season in March, ably assisted by "Knit" Young, who has extended his killing days on through baseball season.

* * *

"Chili" Hardin, along with "Chin," has gone the way of the weak-minded.

* * *

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead,
Who never to her Sheik hath said,
"When do we eat?"
—*Juggler.*

* * *

SPRING FEVER BLUES

Why cant' I think a little bit,
And write a line or two—
Just something that will get me by—
Most anything will do.

If I don't get this verse today
My work I'll never pass,
And Mr. Ball will say to me,
You must stay after class.

Oh, say, how can I write these lines
With all the things outside
That seem to say, "Aw, come on out
And lay your work aside?"

The birds all seem to sing so sweet,
They almost seem to say,
"Why do you study all the time;
Why not come out and play?"

The summer breezes seem to blow
All thoughts of care away,
I just can't get my mind on work,
I only think of play.

Why, I have almost all my work
And didn't even know
By writing as I tried to think,
I'd have my work to show.

So, after all, I'll be on time,
And I won't have to say,
"I just forgot it, that was all,"
And I can go to play.

Ed Young, '24.

Another thing we should like to see: Joe Bandy without that schoolgirl complexion.

* * *

Rube: "You mean to tell me that a preacher has a hard job?"
Slicker: "I certainly do."
Rube: "Well, what does he do?"
Slicker: "He works to beat hell."—*Joe Miller.*

* * *

Riddle: "Bake, you dance like a Chinese opium den."
Bake: "Why so?"
Riddle: "Youre full of hops."

* * *

I kissed her in an airplane,
It was not going slow;
The next thing I remember
I heard Gabriel's trumpet blow.

* * *

In honor of our basketball team Mrs. Ball gave a dinner. The guests were: Mr. Horn, Mr. Martin, Mr. Joy, the faculty and the team. The dinner was delightful. Mr. Horn made the presentation of the watches to the team as State champions. Coach Emerson received a gift from the team as a token of their esteem for him. The excellent service of Lehman Lusky and John Ball greatly facilitated the affair.

* * *

Moultrie: "If those boys had been killed in that auto wreck, wouldnt' the school have had a holiday?"
Mr. Ball: "Probably so."
Moultrie: "Well, since they were all half killed, don't you think we ought to have a half holiday?"

* * *

In the auto accident the other day, when it was thought that every one was out, a terrible racket proceeded from underneath the car. Several boys jumped to help the victim, who they thought was dying. Upon investigation it turned out to be Shag Moore looking for his shoe, which had come off in the accident.

The two unluckiest boys in school, John Ball and John Porter.

* * *

M. Ball got a hunting craze the other day and his mother found him industriously firing away at the iron rabbit which he had taken out of the house and had hidden in the bushes.

* * *

We wonder what has happened to "Gertie" lately. He seems to be undergoing fits of melancholy.

* * *

In an old and dusty record which I was looking through the other day I found that Tobe dates back to 1884.

* * *

Slick McEwen wants his name changed to Slick McMemphis.

* * *

Porter says that he doesn't want to leave the hospital, although he is able to go. He says the nurses on his floor are so interesting.

* * *

M. B. A. and Castle Heights are going to hold their annual debate and declamation contest at Lebanon on May 10. The question for debate is, "Resolved, that the French occupation of the Ruhr is justifiable." We will defend the negative side of the question.

Mrs. B. (in History 6): "Lusky, what is meant by 'watered stock?'"

Lusky (roused from a dream of green pastures): "'Watered stock! Well, I think that means stock what's done been watered."

* * *

We congratulate the six skid artists on their escape some few nights ago on the Harding road by Bosley Hill. A big touring car turning turtle usually requires the services of an undertaker as well as those of a wrecker. As it was the damages were pretty heavy and not likely soon to be forgotten.

* * *

BOOZE

She was only a bootlegger's daughter,
And she never used water.
Her form it was divine,
And O how she could drink wine!

And O how she drank her beer!
It sure would make her cheer.
And when she drank rum
She looked just like a bum.

And when she drank gin
She said she could stand upon a pin.
After drinking all the booze,
She always took a snooze.

Christy McEwen, '25

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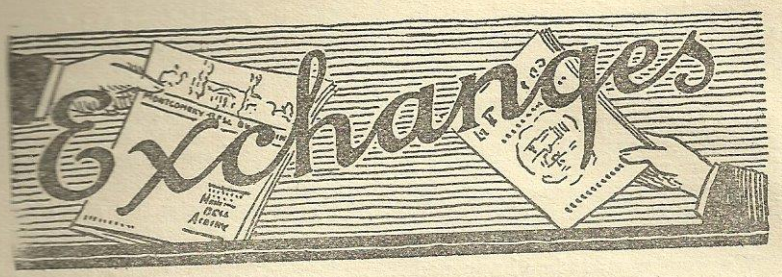


Since the publication of the last Bulletin we have received only a few new exchanges. While we do not expect to receive many new ones from now on, we are pleased to notice that our regular exchanges continue to come in. We acknowledge receipt of the following papers:

The Purple Parrot, Red Wing High School, Red Wing, Minn.

The Scout, Danville Military Institute, Danville, Va.

The Grove Comet, Grove High School, Paris, Tenn.

The Hyphen, Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.

The Wallace World, Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Oriflamme, St. Cyril's College High School, Chicago, Ill.

The Cavalier, Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tenn.

The Triangle, Peoples-Tucker School, Springfield, Tenn.

The Bayonet, T. M. I., Sweetwater, Tenn.

The Volunteer, Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Purple and Gold, Clarksville High School, Clarksville, Tenn.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Babbler, David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.

The Pegasus, Eureka College, Eureka, Ill.

The Tattler, Boys High School, Atlanta, Ga.

The Sewanee Purple, University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

The Hill Top, G. P. I., Gallatin, Tenn.

The Kemper News, Kemper Military School, Boonville, Mo.

The Normalite, Middle Tennessee State Normal, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The Round Hillian, Round Hill Academy, Union Mills, N. C.

Hi-Lights Quill Club, C. H. S., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

In Our Opinion

The Oriflamme—An unusual paper in many ways. The cooperation between the alumni, the faculty and the school adds a great deal of interest to the paper. The printing and arrangement of the paper is far above the average.

The Bayonet—A typical school paper. The joke and local department is very good.

The Round Hillian—This is a monthly sheet of some interest perhaps to the students of the academy. The trouble about such papers as this is that they are too local and carry little of interest to readers outside the city limits of Union Mills. With the single exception of a limited number of jokes there is nothing to appeal to students elsewhere in the country. A story or so, some verse, serious or humorous, is current everywhere. Some expansions of interests would help, we think.

Clippings

Friend: "I hear your boy devotes a great deal of his time at the university to Mah Jong.

Mother: "I'm so glad he has taken to an old lady. I was afraid he'd fall for some flapper."
—*Babbler.*

* * *

A Sunday school teacher was taking up a collection in her class, having each one say a verse about giving from the Bible and drop in a penny.

First Boy: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Second Boy: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Third Boy (hesitating)—

Teacher: "Come, Johnny, don't be bashful."

Johnny paused a minute and said, "A fool and his money are soon parted," and in went his penny.—*Tattler.*

* * *

Friend: "My good man, you had better take the street car home."

Drunk: "Sh' no ushe! Bess wouldn't let me—hic—keep it in the houshe.'—*Babbler.* -- --

* * *

"Darling, can anything ever come between us?"

Eavesdropper (to himself): "Impossible."—*Pegasus.*

* * *

"Want a ride? Whoa—
Det in—Diddap—
Dimme a tiss—No?—Whoa!
Det out—Diddap."
—*Purple Parrot.*

* * *

She: "What are you thinking about?"

He: "The same thing you're thinking about."

She: "If you do I'll scream."
—*Exchange.*

* * *

When I entered the apartment of a friend, whom I visited the other day, I saw his dog howling miserably in the middle of the floor. Inquiring the trouble, I learned he was a lazy dog.

"And what has that to do with his howling?" I asked.

"He is sitting on a thistle and is too lazy to get up."—*Echo.*

* * *

Newsboy: "Great mystery! Fifty victims! Paper, mister?"

Passerby: "Here, boy, I'll take one. (Reads a moment.) Say, boy, there's nothing like that in this paper. Where is it?"

Newsboy: "That's the mystery. You're the fifty-first victim."—*Hyphen.*

* * *

He: "Why have you never married?"

She: "Why should I? I have a dog that growls, a parrot that swears, a chimney that smokes, and a cat that stays out at night."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"They can't make a bricklayer out of me," said the hen as she kicked the porcelain egg out of the nest.—*Cavalier.*

* * *

Biggs: "Yes, sir, I was about to marry a rich girl when I found out that she spent more than $10,000 a year on her dressmaker."

Jiggs: "Then what did you do?"

Biggs: "I married her dressmaker."—*Bayonet.*

* * *

Prof.: "Put some famous quotation into Latin."

Malone: "Bellum est hellum."
—*Oriflamme.*

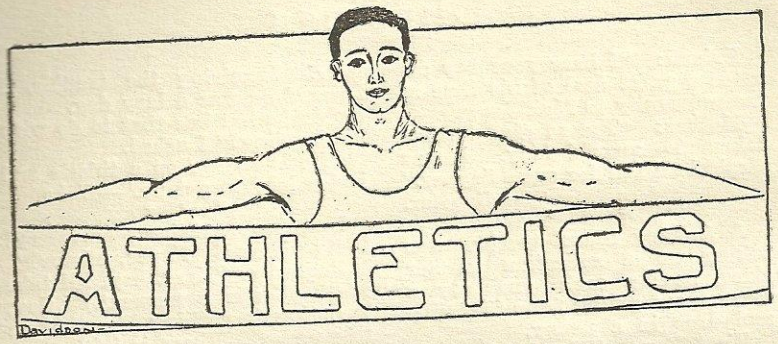
* * *

Boy: "The girl I marry must be able to blush."

Girl: "I'm the girl. I blush every time I'm seen with you."—*Bayonet.*

* * *

Montgomery Bell Bulletin—We notice especially your wonderful collection of jokes and want to congratulate you.—*Bayonet.*



M. B. A., 68; Central High, 33

M. B. A. came back from the Cotton States Tourney and defeated Central High by the score of 68 to 33.

Central scored first when Dugger dropped one in from the side lines. In the next three minutes two more baskets were scored against us before Eaton counted two points from the middle of the floor. M. B. A. soon started scoring and very soon Eaton, Reed and Roberts dropped them in from all angles. The half ended with M. B. A. 31, Central 13.

M. B. A. started the second half by scoring 8 points before Central was able to count, and from then on until the end of the game we scored almost at will.

Eaton, Reed and Brown played best for M. B. A. Reed played one of the best games of his career. Young played a good defensive game.

Dugger and Ferguson were the stars for Central High.

* * *

M. B. A., 41; B. G. A., 39

The Academy five went down to Franklin and defeated B. G. A. by the score of 41 to 39. It was one of the hardest fought games ever played in the Franklin gym. From the first whistle until the end of the game Battle Ground contested every point scored against them. M. B. A. did not play their usual game; they were never able to get together. Ed Young was the outstanding star of the gam,e

scoring nine fields goals. Ed was all over the floor at once and he seldom missed a shot.

The half ended in a tie, but at the start of the second period M. B. A. forged ahead and remained in that position until the last few minutes, when B. G. A. started a rally and came within three points of us when the game ended.

Gordon played best for Battle Ground, having five field goals to his credit.

Hardin, of M. B. A., also played a good game.

* * *

M. B. A., 24; HUME-FOGG, 19

Hume-Fogg and M. B. A. met at the Y gym in their third battle of the year to decide the championship of the city.

The game started in a whirlwind fashion, M. B. A. scoring first, but Hume-Fogg soon overcame this handicap and forged ahead, remaining in front as the half ended 11 to 9.

The Academy team played good ball in the first half, but could not hit the basket. Things certainly looked blue for us at the beginning of the second half when Spain dropped one through the net almost before we got started. But this goal only seemed to enliven M. B. A., and for the first time after the game started the team got together. Very soon the score stood 16 all, and in the last five minutes M. B. A. went into the lead and remained that way until the final whistle blew.

Duck Roberts played a great game at forward. He practically won the game by his excellent shooting. Captain Eaton also deserves a lot of credit for his wonderful fighting spirit that seemed to enliven the team when things looked blackest.

Spain, Costello and Richter looked best for the losers.

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M. B. A., 23; CASTLE HEIGHTS, 13

After winning the first game by a forfeit on the part of Union City, M. B. A. met Castle Heights in the second round of the Tennessean-Vandy Tournament. The game started in a slow manner, neither team scoring until two minutes had passed. But finally M. B. A. found their stride and the half ended 13 to 3 in the Maroon's favor.

The second period started in a much livelier fashion when Heights scored several goals before we found the basket. Then M. B. A. slowed down, nad before five minutes had passed the score was 14 to 11, with but a few minutes left to play. But M. B. A. found the basket again and as the game ended we had rolled up 23 points.

Hardin and Young played best for M. B. A., while Sandledge and Pace were the stars for Heights.

* * *

M. B. A., 35; GOODLETTSVILLE, 17

M. B. A. met Goodlettsville High in the semi-finals and defeated that school by the score of 35 to 17. The Maroons played in championship form during this game, scoring whenever they pleased, Roberts and Reed repeatedly slipping behind the standing guard and making a set-up. The half ended 22 to 9 in our favor.

The second half was played in the same manner as the first, with M. B. A. having the big edge in playing ability. Goodlettsville was never able to solve that Eaton, Reed and Roberts scoring combination. Our defense also completely outclassed them. Every man on the M. B. A. team played well, especially Kelly, who substituted for Brown in the last half.

The whole G. H. team deserves a lot of credit for the spirit they displayed both as sportsmen and as gentlemen.

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M. B. A., 20; CHATTANOOGA, 17

In the finals of the tournament the Maroons met Chattanooga High for the championship of the State.

Chattanooga displayed one of the best teams that has ever appeared upon the Y floor. But the M. B. A. team was just a little better. In their captain the Chattanooga quint showed an excellent forward. He was the pivot upon which their team worked. It was a pleasure to see such a basketball player. He was an excellent sportsman and gentleman.

The game was a whirlwind affair from the start to the finish. The foreign quint rolled up four points before the M. B. A. team was able to count. The game progressed in a rapid fashion, first one team being ahead and then the other. The half ended 12 to 11 in our favor.

In the final period the Maroons played in the height of their form. With but three minutes to go and the score 17 to 16 against us, Eaton shot a beautiful goal from past the middle of the floor, and a few seconds later Reed dropped another one in which practically cinched the game.

For M. B. A. the entire team deserves the admiration of all who saw them perform. Every man displayed an unbeatable spirit, and each one surely deserves a lot of praise.

For Chattanooga we will say that it was a pleasure to play such a team, and it is with the highest praise that we think of the runners up of '24.

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